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view, shocking to the taste, ridiculous anachronisms, and destructive of all solemnity and unity of feeling. Such, however, is not the case, but the reverse. In the first place, the sacred and ideal personages are never portraits from nature, and are very loftily conceived in point of expression, and significance. In the second place, the *real* personages introduced are seldom or never actors, merely attendants and spectators in events which may be conceived to belong to all time, and to have no especial locality; and they have so much dignity in their aspects, the costumes are so picturesque, and the grouping is so fine and imaginative, that only the coldest and most pedantic critic could wish them absent.

When Ghirlandajo had finished this grand series of pictures, his patron, Giovanni Tornabuoni, declared himself well pleased; but, at the same time, expressed a wish that Ghirlandajo would be content with the sum first stipulated, and forego the additional two hundred ducats. The high-minded painter, who esteemed glory and honor much more than riches, immediately withdrew his claims, saying that he cared far more to have satisfied his employer than for any amount of payment.

Besides his frescoes, Ghirlandajo painted many easel pictures in oil and distemper. There is one of great beauty in the Louvre—the Visitation (1022), about four feet in height. But the subject he most frequently repeated was the Adoration of the Magi. In the Florentine Gallery are two pictures of this subject; another of a circular form, which had been painted for the Tornabuoni family, was in the collection of Lucien Bonaparte. In the Munich Gallery there is one picture by Ghirlandajo, and in the Museum at Berlin there are six; one of them a beautiful portrait of a young girl of the Tornabuoni family, whom he has also introduced into his frescoes.

It may be said, on the whole, that the attention of Ghirlandajo was directed less to the delineation of form than to the expression of his heads, and the imitation of life and nature as exhibited in feature and countenance. He also carried the mechanical and technical part of his art to a perfection it had not before attained. He was the best colorist in fresco who had yet appeared, and his colors have stood extremely well to this day.

Another characteristic which renders Ghirlandajo very interesting as an artist was his diligent and progressive improvement; every successive production was better than the last. He was also an excellent worker in mosaic, which, from its durability, he used to call "*painting for eternity*."

To his rare and various accomplishments as an artist, Ghirlandajo added the most amiable qualities as a man—qualities which obtained him the love as well as the admiration of his fellow-citizens. He was, says Vasari, "the delight of the age in which he lived." He was still in the prime of life and in the full possession of conscious power—so that he was heard to wish they would give him the walls all round the city to cover with frescoes—when he was seized with sudden illness, and died, at the age of forty-four, to the infinite grief of his numerous scholars, by whom he was interred, with every demonstration of mournful respect, in the church of Santa Maria Novella, in the year 1495. His two brothers, Davide and Benedetto, were also painters, and assisted him in the execution of his great works; and his son, RIDOLFO GHIRLANDAJO, became afterwards an excellent artist, but he belongs to a later period.

Ghirlandajo formed many scholars; among them was the great Michael Angelo. Contemporary with Ghirlandajo lived an artist, memorable for having aided with his instructions both Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci. This was ANDREA VEROCCHIO (born 1432, died 1488), who was a goldsmith, and sculptor in marble and bronze, and also a painter, though in painting his works are few and little known. He drew admirably, and is celebrated through the celebrity of the artists formed in his school. Among them was Lionardi da Vinci. He is said to have been the first who took casts in plaster from life as aids in the study of form. In the collection of Miss Rogers, the sister of the poet, there is a portrait in profile, by Verocchio, of a Florentine lady of rank, rather hard and severe in the execution and drawing, yet with a certain simple elegance—a look of high breeding—which is very striking.

THE DYKEHAMBURY CONCERT.

I.

"Go into society! Of course he won't, yet. Why, the old man has scarcely been dead six months, and it isn't two since the poor lads were drowned in the Dike—a lucky chance for him."

"That's no matter. Mr. Hugh Carton is not a near relative. Where they fished him up from, no one can tell. And then he has an invalid sister."

"To whom he is very good."

This was from an elderly bachelor who was grim and testy, but whose testiness no one minded much. He took snuff as he said it; he also struck his cane into the carpet savagely, as though that had been the speaker, and wanted putting down.

"And I should like to know what man, worthy the name, wouldn't be good to an invalid sister," persisted this gentleman.

"Of course, Mr. Crane, of course. But then she is an invalid, you know, which might be against—"

"Her brother's dancing attendance on a bevy of music-mad young ladies, and screaming up to B flat," said Mr. Crane, pulling a face. "Well, I don't pretend to be musical, and I have already been introduced to Mr. Carton. I should say that he is not musical either. Sorry to disappoint you."

The three Misses Grafton looked at each other and smiled. The parish of Dykewood was eminently a musical parish. It was about to take part in a grand amateur concert, to which everybody for miles round was expected to come, and its great desideratum had long been a good tenor. Baritones there were in plenty, and these had to be pressed into tenor service; but they were thin, for the most part, like *vin ordinaire*; and besides, they could not take the high notes. Now, a real tenor, after the fashion of Mario or Sims Reeves, was the thing wanted; therefore, from Mr. Hugh Carton's somewhat thin brown cheeks, moustaches, long hair, and general foreign appearance, it had been suggested as not impossible that he might supply the deficiency.

"At any rate," said Miss Grafton, "we will not take him at your valuation, Mr. Crane."

"No one expects you to do so, young ladies," retorted Mr. Crane. "The proof of the pudding—but I forgot, that's vulgar. Listen, however, to an old fogie. I venture to predict—nay, I would lay a small wager that the concourse of you—Graftons, Hetheringtons, Wilsons, every one—don't extract five consecutive words from

the taciturn gentleman. I couldn't; and I talked about top-dressing, and the crops, and the game laws—all that would naturally interest a country gentleman. I don't believe myself that he knows what it is he has come into. The only time I succeeded in attracting his attention for a moment, was when I spoke of that poor Mrs. Wynne, who lives over there, you know, almost inside his park. I suppose it was because she is a cripple, like his sister." Again the young ladies smiled.

"Ay," said Mr. Crane, "laugh if you will, ladies. I dare say, you think a crusty old fellow like me wouldn't be very likely to entertain this new lion; but you may be mistaken. Why, he's thirty-five if he's a day, and the grey hairs are coming."

"His voice will be in its prime, Mr. Crane," said the ladies.

"His voice! his voice!" exclaimed Mr. Crane; "as if a human being were nothing but a mechanical contrivance for emitting sound. And," he added, softly, "the man has known sorrow."

He got up to go as he spoke, and the girls shook hands with him good-humoredly enough, for he was not so sour as he seemed, and in spite of his caustic speeches, he was rather a favorite amongst them.

Meantime the object of these remarks was walking about the lawn of Dykewood Park with a cigar in his mouth; a tall muscular man, with a rather worn brown face, and eyes that would have struck a stranger as having a pitiful, hunted look in them at times. When his possessions became a reality to him, instead of appearing like a dream, from which he was afraid every moment of awaking, this wore off; but at present he could hardly believe that fortune, adverse to him from childhood, had suddenly turned upon him her pleasant smiles.

There were gardeners at work in the shrubberies and amongst the flower-beds; and as his eye fell upon them, Mr. Carton stood still with a sudden wonder at the thought that these men were his servants, and would look to him for payment. He shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked out into the west, where the sky was one blaze of gold and red. The light fell on hill and dale in fitful gleams; it touched the tree-tops, and picked out bits here and there of the winding river to make it glisten like silver. The scene grew dim before Mr. Carton's eyes. He saw instead a miserable lodging under a foreign sky, where a gaunt man cowered at night over the stove, whose supply of charcoal was scanty. He saw this man rising up in the morning, sometimes hopeful, to be beaten back again from time to time, till hope was almost dead within him; then he saw this same man, but changed a little, for better days had begun, and his genius was making its way tardily, a newspaper was in his hand, and one finger rested on an advertisement. His breath came in painful gasps, his face grew gradually paler until—

Mr. Carton started, for one of the workmen stood before him touching his hat, and asking instructions respecting certain trees which he thought should be cut down to improve the view. Mr. Carton could have laughed aloud at the incongruity of the thing, but he restrained himself, and gave his orders quietly.

"I might be the country squire in a farce," he said to himself; "I feel like playing at being a rich man. Pleasant play, though! Ah, I am thankful it didn't come too late."

He flung down his cigar, and walked quickly towards the house. He passed the wide stone

steps, which looked so imposing, pushed open a French window, and entered a small drawing-room, at the end of which was a conservatory. A young girl lay on a couch near this window, young, but with few of the marks of youth. There was not the faintest rose-tint in the cheeks, from which suffering had driven the healthy blood; the hands that she stretched out to him were fearfully thin, and the large eyes, which filled with tender light when they saw him, seemed too large for the wasted features. Yet in a certain way she was beautiful. Hugh Carton knelt down beside the couch, and put his arm under her head gently.

"Is it pleasant, sister?" he said. "Are you happy here amongst the birds and the flowers, or do you long after bluer skies?"

"No, Hugh," replied the girl; "there was trouble under them."

"Ah, but it was growing lighter," said Hugh.

"I know it was," said the girl; "but what of that? They should have appreciated you before; they shall not have you now to make a slave of. I am glad for your sake a thousand times more than my own. It seems too good to be true."

"It does, indeed," said Hugh, smiling. "I am ready to warn my own men that sometimes I may not be able to pay them for their work. I am only thankful that all this came when it did."

"That's for my sake," said the girl, clasping his neck with a sudden, passionate movement of affection. "Hugh, how shall I ever repay you? All your life long you have sacrificed everything for me. Many a time you thought I did not know when something had to be given up, because you would not leave me to the care of strangers. You would have got on, and been famous long ago but for me. Tell me, is not that so?"

"Perhaps I didn't want fame, Ethel," he replied.

"Ah, but poverty would have been over then," said Ethel; "and I know, I know—Hugh, don't you remember what that English viscount said about you?"

"He was an old woman," said Hugh.

"You know better," said Ethel; "and if you had come to England, as he said, you would have done better. Do the English justice—they always recognize talent."

"You forget that you are praising yourself," said Hugh. "Are not we English? But I could not have come to England in that way, Ethel."

"You might have changed your name," said Ethel.

"Never," said Hugh, curtly.

"You preferred slaving your best years away for me," continued Ethel. "I wonder how many brothers there are in the world like mine."

"And I wonder how many sisters are as patient and uncomplaining as mine," retorted Hugh. "We won't talk of the old days now, Ethel. I declare that I never wished to sit in the place which those two poor lads should have filled successively before me. I never thought of such a chance. When I read of the accident, and saw that advertisement for the next of kin, there was pity in the shock as well as—but never mind."

"No," said Ethel, "let it rest. I have had visitors again, Hugh. That kind old Mrs. Wynne came with her daughter. It was very good of the old lady; for though she is not exactly a cripple, like I am, it is difficult for her to get about."

"Why do they always come when I'm from home?" said Mr. Carton, and a shade passed over

his face. "It looks as if there was something ogreish about me, Ethel."

"So there is," replied Ethel. "You are so silent and stern-looking, like a brigand. You never open your lips to any one but me. But you must call upon Mrs. Wynne and little Bertie—they are your tenants, you know. Fancy your boasting tenants! Will you have a rent day, Hugh, and a grand feast in the park, and speeches? or will you be a hard, griping landlord, and oppress everybody? See there! What's that coming up the avenue? A carriageful of ladies to call upon me, and a—what a curious-looking man!"

"It's the very fellow that bothered me about game-laws the other day," said Hugh, laughing; "as if I knew anything about game-laws! I can't stand this, Ethel. Good by!"

"Indeed, no, sir," said Ethel, and she caught his arm and held him fast. "You never did leave me to bear the brunt of anything yet, and you shall not begin now. Besides, consider that you'll have to return all these calls since I cannot; so stay and break the ice."

II.

Hugh Carton was a very singular gentleman indeed. Dykewood raised its eyebrows and didn't know what to think about him. As to his being an acquisition to the neighborhood, that seemed very dubious indeed. Dykewood had called upon the Cartons, and Mr. Carton had returned the calls. His sister won golden opinions from all; but as for Hugh, he sat for the most part in his corner staring at the landscape with absent eyes, or pulling his long black moustache over his mouth, as if he wanted to hide a smile. Dykewood invited him to an evening party, to which Mr. Carton went, after a strong argument over the matter with his sister, and the musical young ladies were more puzzled than ever. Miss Grafton played her pet piece with more than usual elaboration, and her sister, drew a startled and dreamy acknowledgment from him that he knew nothing of Thalberg; was not quite sure that he had ever heard the name. Then three young ladies sang a trio, and when it was over Mr. Carton did not even applaud, but sat still by little Bertie Wynne, and positively talked to her. Poor little Bertie did not sing or play—before company. She could not know the charm that lay hidden in that naïve confession; she was only conscious that Mr. Carton's manner grew suddenly kinder; that he had a very pleasant way of saying funny things; and it made her feel very angry afterwards to hear her companions expressing their disapproval of him in a corner, as hopelessly stupid.

"Why, he turned your music over always in the wrong place, Clare," said the second Miss Grafton, "before the page was half finished."

A little chuckle broke from Mr. Crane at this.

"Showed his sense," said he; "wanted it over. Not that I mean to be discourteous, my dears, at all; only didn't I tell you there was no music in him?"

"We did n't accept your verdict, though," retorted Miss Grafton, moving towards Mr. Carton's corner.

"This nonsensical heathen has been accusing you of his own want of taste, Mr. Carton," she said. "I'm sure it's a libel. I am quite sure that you must at least like music."

Hugh stammered out that he "didn't exactly know," and the young lady's face fell.

"We did so hope you would join the choir," continued Miss Grafton. "We want a tenor voice dreadfully, and you look as if you had one."

"The choir!" repeated Mr. Carton, reflectively.

"Yes, our Dykewood choir," said Miss Grafton. "You heard us on Sunday. But a really good tenor would be such an improvement. I am sure you have a singing face, if you would only try. People very often don't know their capabilities until they begin."

There was a very curious twiching about Mr. Carton's lips as he listened to this. The speaker did not notice it, but little Bertie Wynne did, and wondered. He raised his eyes to Miss Grafton's face, and said very quietly, "You may be right. I suppose I am not too old to learn."

He was smiling outright now, and a chorus of eager negatives of such a supposition broke upon him.

"And then we are going to have an amateur concert," said Miss Grafton; "and we should be so glad of your help,—at Dykehambury, you know."

"Ah!" said Mr. Carton. His face grew a shade paler, and he stretched out one hand in an aimless sort of fashion, as though searching for something. The gesture was peculiar; these people could not know how suddenly they had touched a chord in that weary, struggling past of his, and drawn forth the old instinctive movement by which he had been used in those days to draw his sister's couch towards him and feel that there was a comforter.

Mr. Carton walked home that night with little Bertie Wynne, which gave rise to many expressions of discontent, fortunately never destined to reach his ears. Bertie's servant kept at a decorous distance, but there was no laughter or funny speeches now. Hugh had grown grave in the moonlight, so grave, indeed, and absent, that he would have forgotten to wish his charge good night if she had not spoken the words first; and then he remembered, and his face grew red as he spoke the parting salute.

The last words that Mr. Carton said to his sister that night must have been very comical, to judge by the amusement they created. She looked up at him with mischief sparkling in her large eyes; and twisting the corners of the mouth, about which pain had drawn many lines, she said, simply, "Sing for them, dear Hugh,—do."

To be continued.

[From the North American Review.]

PHILOSOPHY OF THE FINE ARTS.

BY ERNEST VON LASAULX,

Few will doubt that the Reformation gave us a sounder morality, a more beautiful charity, and a purer doctrine; but, at the same time, it was attended with a great decrease of that superabundant religious sensibility which overflows in all manner of idolatries. What the moral being gained, the imagination lost. An abstract and metaphysic creed seldom leads the worshipper to the cultivation of any supererogatory and luxurious devotion. It abjures the images of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the saints, and watches over the dry spirituality of its worship with iconoclastic jealousy. Even the consecrated walls have been stripped of their sacredness, and the word Church transferred from the edifice to the invisible body of the devout assembly. But, above,